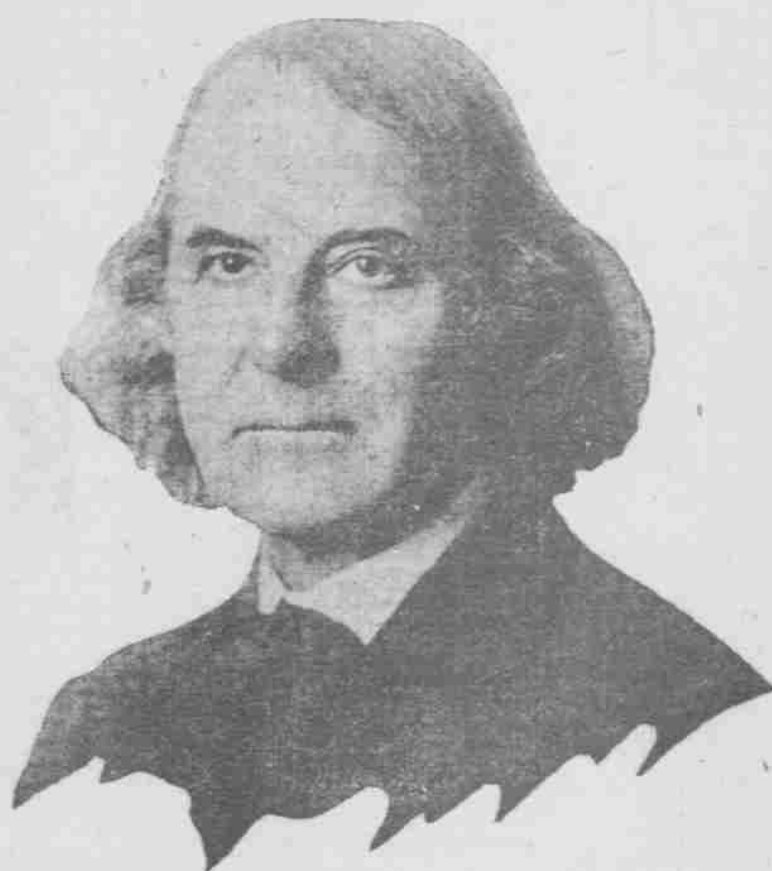


# The Funny Side of Elbert Hubbard, Philosopher



A CUBIST  
CARTOON



Fra Elbertus Looking Natural.

"HUBBARD, you're a hog for happiness," said a friend to Fra Elbertus one day, and the Fra promptly and smilingly admitted it.

"Why not," he replied. "I live in an Eden. I eat all the fruit I want and laugh back at Adam."

Hubbard is a hard worker—always has been, and always will be, but he does enjoy his laugh. He does not care whether the laugh is on him or not so long as the laugh is there. Some of his followers are as solemn as the dying, and are convinced that he is one of them. But when he gets the chance he laughs. Behind his hands, like the goatherders of Rome. The only mortgage on his home is the one held by happiness. He is both human and humorous. He says that, "polygamy is an attempt to get out of life more than there is in it."

Here are a few stories of and by him.

## A Brother Elk.

ONCE, on an early train near Wichita, Kansas, I made a reach for my pocketbook when the conductor entered and yelled, "Tickets, everybody!"

"I reached for my faithful wall-dog, I repeat, and it wasn't there."

I had left it under my pillow at the hotel.

In desperation I looked around to see if I knew any one in that car.

Alas! Not a soul was there I had ever seen before.

Opposite me was a freckled party with a derby cocked over his eye at a vicious angle.

In his buttonhole modestly gleamed the little gold antlers of the Elk.

Without a second thought I reached over and said, "Hey, Bill, you, loan me five dollars!"

He glanced at me lazily, and, reaching into his trousers, brought up a greenish roll. He skimmed off a five, and as he handed it to me he said, "Yes, brother, sure, and if there is any change get your hair cut."

## A Deserving Case.

MY friend, Tom Lawson, Magnate in Ordinary, of Boston and the east side of Wall street, has recently had a little experience that was amusing.

A sturdy beggarman, a specimen of decayed gentility, called on Tammas with a hard-look and a friendly Bible and asked for a small loan on the Good Book.

Tom was melted.

Tom made the loan, but refused the collateral, stating that he had no use for it, for Tom is always truthful.

In a few weeks the man came back, and tried to tell Tom his hard-luck story concerning the cold ingratitude of a cruel world.

Tom said, "Spare me the slow music and the recital. I have troubles of my own. I need mirth and good cheer—take this dollar, and peace be with you."

"Peace be multiplied unto thee," said the beggar, and departed.

The next month the man returned and began to tell Tom a tale of cruelty, injustice and ingratitude.

Tom was riled—he had his magnate business to attend to, and he made a remark in Italian.

The beggar said, "Mr. Lawson, if you had your business a little better systematized I would not have to trouble you personally—why don't you just speak to your cashier?"

And the great man, who once took a party of friends out for a jolly-ride, and through mental habit collected 5 cents from each guest, was so pleased at the thought of relief that he pressed the button. The cashier came, and Tom said, "Put this man Grabbelmer on your payroll, give him \$2 now and the same the first of every month."

Returning to the beggarman, Tom said, "Now, get out of my eye, vamoose, hike!"

"Come to you and many of them," said His Effluvia, and withdrew.

## The Prisoner's Option.

"The sentence" is one of the wisest expedients in penology. And it is to this generation the first using it must be given. The sentence, from one to eight years. This sentence, he behaves himself, obeying the rules, he will be paroled and given his freedom.

A convict at Jeffersonville, Indiana, of the walls, of the privilege of fourteen,"

Y., once gave a particularly oration. After

the address a local joker stepped up, shook hands with the speaker and asked him:

"Judge, which one of your daughters wrote that speech?"

The Judge, might have parried the gentle thrust, but instead the truth man answered:

"Oh, Nellie is the author of it!"

Then, seeing the smiles on the faces of the bystanders, he continued, "Nellie is the author of the speech, but as I am the author of Nellie, I claim the speech."

## Fra Elbertus Likes This One.

ONCE upon a time there was a sailorman who told big stories about the countries he had visited.

One day a man asked him this: "Have you ever been to Australia?"

"Indeed I have," was the reply.

"And did you meet any of those kangaroos?"

"Sure, I did," and here the sailor was slightly up in an aeroplane. "Sure, I met lots of kangaroos, and their money is just as good as anybody's."

## The Sharp Professor.

THIRTY years and more have passed since the incandescent light was first exhibited as a curiosity, and we do not know anything more, practically, about what electricity is than we did then.

"What is electricity?" once asked a professor of his class.

Several hands were held up. "Well, Mr. Brown you can tell us what electricity is."

Mr. Brown hesitated and then explained, "I knew once, but just at this moment I have forgotten."

"What a pity that the only man in the world who ever knew what electricity is should have forgotten," mused the professor.

## They Wouldn't Let Hubbard In.

ON Eighth avenue there are quite a number of moving picture shows that cater to colored people exclusively. Talk about the unwritten law and the Jim Crow cars! No white man is allowed in these picture shows. They are set apart, sacred for the colored brothers.

I tried to enter one of them and was very gently and firmly told, "Boss, dis is no place for you. Get a move on now, an' go where you belong. We is ve'y conclusive."

## Take It or Leave It.

AN American traveller in England found an item like this in his hotel bill, "To peacocks—eight shillings."

He complained and asked for light on the path.

He was curtly informed that the peacocks were on the bloomin' lawn, and if he did not look at them it was his own fault, you know.

## George Was a Fast Worker.

AT the close of the war George Daniels became station agent for the Northwestern Railroad at Elgin, Ill., having in some way "learned the key" at odd times, for he was always learning something, even to the day of his death.

At Elgin he boarded in the family of a war widow. Now, this widow had a beautiful daughter, who worked in the Elgin watch factory.

Between working in the Elgin factory and keeping boarders, the widow was able to pay off the mortgage. She grew fairly prosperous, and decided to make a trip to Buffalo to visit her kinsmen. Before going she had a quiet talk with her tall and lissome daughter, giving her good advice as to conduct and housekeeping. Among other things, she cautioned her not to allow any familiarity on the part of the station agent, he being small, red-headed and without pedigree or social station—only railroad station.

The daughter returned.

The mother started away on her journey.

When she reached Buffalo a telegram was handed her. It read thus:

"Come home quick; station agent getting familiar." And duly signed with the daughter's name.

Just before she was to take the train back another telegram was handed her. It read:

"Don't bother to hasten your return; have married station agent." All duly signed.

## Mansfield Didn't Want Music.

THE hotels and restaurants advertising music at meals caught the great unwashed, who hypnotized themselves into the belief that they had broken into good society with a social jimmy.

The first protest that I know of came from Richard Mansfield, who walked into the Grand Central Hotel at Oshkosh, followed by his faithful valet carrying two big grips.

The tragedian took four strides from the door to the desk, and,



"This is the life."

leaning over, in one of those half-confidential stage voices asides that reach to the top-most gallery, said: "Ah, have-you-music-at-meals?"

And the clerk adjusted the glittering glass on his bosom, smiled serenely and said: "Oh, yes, surely so; yes, we have music at all meals."

And Mansfield turned to his valet, who was resting his hands from carrying the heavy valises, and said: "Oha, oha, James! Look to our luggage! To our luggage!" And four more strides took him to the door, and the actor and the valet disappeared, engulfed by the all-enfolding night.

## When Geers Was Real Talkative.

ED. GEERS, the well-known horseman, is not a member of the Gabbyjack Club. The only time I heard of his opening up his baroo good and loud was once when he was driving Hal Pointer.

Hal was one of the most knowing horses that ever looked through blinders. The actual fact was he was a better horse without the blinders, and his big money was won when he wore neither blinders nor check-rein.

Hal Pointer went through five Grand Circuit seasons, and in one of them he got a piece of the purse every time he started.

But Ed was not entirely satisfied. He thought Hal Pointer was going to hold the world's record. And so one day he checked him up high and drove him with blinders, thinking to steady him and knock off a couple of seconds.

Hal did not like the change, and shook his head in protest. Then he reared up just a little and hunched as if he were going to let his heels fly, for that is the way a horse talks.

Ed. Geers motioned to a colored man to hand him a whip.

And the colored man said, "Mistah Geers, 'scuse me, but—you bettah done leave dat whip where it am!"

And Geers gave him a silent look, which being interpreted meant, "Nigger, who's driving this horse, you or me?"

And the colored man reluctantly handed up the whalebone.

And Colonel Geers, who is only human at the last, in order to show both the colored man and the horse that he was boss of the track, just wrapped that whip with a resounding crack around good old Hal Pointer.

The horse was surprised and grieved. For an instant he just stood and trembled. Then he went up in the air and made a dash for the high board fence. He would have gone into it head-on if Ed. had not pulled tremendously hard on the lee line.

As it was, the hub of the high sulky hit the fence and snatched out four pickets.

By this time Hal Pointer had busted the objectionable check-rein and was bounding like a jackrabbit along the track.

Ed. Geers had dropped the whip, and his dignity. Also, he had tucked the tail of his silence into his ego. At every bound of the horse Ed. yelled, "Whoa, darn yeh! Whoa, darn yeh!"

And a colored brother who was new on the job, having just been hired as a horse chambermaid, asked, "Who am de gemmen wif de powahful bellows?"

And his conferee replied, "Why, dat am Mistah Geers, de Silent Man!"

## Sent It Just the Same.

ONCE a farmer wrote a hot letter to a small order house, complaining in grievous and sarcastic phrase because they had neglected to ship the hames among other goods he had ordered.

Then as a postscript to the letter was this: "The hames I found all right in the bottom of the box."

## No Injury to the Mule.

I WAS walking along an Alabama road one day when I met a conveyance drawn by a mule and containing a number of negro fieldhands. The driver, a darkey of about twenty, was trying to induce the mule to increase its speed, when suddenly the beast let fly with his heels and dealt him such a kick on the head that he was stretched on the ground in an instant. He lay rubbing his woolly pate where the animal had kicked him.

"Is he hurt?" I asked anxiously of an elderly darkey, who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate man.

"No, boss," was the reply, "dat mule walk kinder tender fo' a day or two, but he ain't hurt."

## A Choice of Evils.

I HAVE a friend, Philadelphia professor, whose name I won't mention, who is given to long, tedious talks in public upon matters of little interest to any save himself, and who recently decided that his entire family should benefit by his forthcoming lecture.

"Children," announced he to his group of offspring at breakfast, "I want you all to attend my lecture to-night."

There was an ominous silence, broken at last by the ten-year-old boy, "Dad," he asked, plaintively, "couldn't you whip us instead?"

## In the Best Families.

SOME people I know engaged a new maid, the same being exceedingly willing to work, but who was more or less shy on experience. The mistress noticed that her new maid seemed un-

familiar with finger-bowls; so she asked: "Did they use finger-bowls at the last place you worked?"

"No, mum," answered Bridget, "they generally washed themselves before they come to the table, mum."

## Critics Too Kind.

I MET a young friend of mine who had been in the author business a few years and who had been very successful. I asked him how he was getting along, and told him I noticed that the critics had roasted his last book.

"They did," said the young writer, sorrowfully, "but not sufficient to insure its success."

## Needed a Sermon.

A FRIEND of mine named Cummings had been feeling poorly for some time and I used to drop in and see him occasionally. One day as I was coming out of the house, Cummings's minister happened to be passing by and asked for the invalid, inquiring if he was under treatment by a physician.

I looked at him gravely for a moment and said: "He needs your help more than that of a physician now."

Off his guard, the good preacher exclaimed anxiously: "Poor old gentleman! Is he as bad as that?"

"Yes," I answered, "he is suffering from insomnia."

## Under the Head of Important Business.

ALL BABA, Hubbard's hired man, is seventy-five years of age, was born in East Aurora, and has never been out of East Aurora and doesn't want to go.

The actual cold fact is that All Baba not only has never been anywhere, but he doesn't know anything and has never done anything, and yet Hubbard has written a most fascinating biography of this obscure individual.

Napoleon put it this way: "What is history but a lie agreed upon?"

But Hubbard says the only men who live are those whose lives are well written, and if you are dead you are no bigger than your biographer.

When a visitor at East Aurora came along one fine day and asked All Baba if Mr. Hubbard was giving many lectures nowadays, All Baba replied:

"No, how can he go off giving lectures? Don't you know All Baba's got a colt?"

## Hubbard Amused Him.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY and I were coming down Broadway, New York, having come to the Big City to see the sights. And as we walked along, I said to Mr. Reedy: "Did you see that woman smile at me as we passed?"

And Mr. Reedy replied, "That's nothing. The first time I saw you I nearly laughed my head off."

## A Little of His Philosophy.

FAME—To have your name paged by the "buttons" of a fashionable hotel.

A man may have wheezy bellows, weak eyes, a flabby mouth and a wabby chin, and yet write great stuff.

Morality is largely a matter of geography.

A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.

Recipe for bringing up children to be patient, polite, kind, considerate, gentle and courteous: Be patient, polite, kind, considerate, gentle and courteous.

It is a great man, who, when he finds that he has come out at the little end of the horn, simply appropriates the horn and blows it forevermore.

If I were a woman I would cultivate the fine art of listening. No woman can talk as interestingly as she can look.

You can lead a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

You cannot legislate virtue into people. There is no man ever any better than he wants to be.